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W. M. HUNT'S

TALKS ON ART

— H. R. George —

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THESE Extracts, fragmentary and incomplete, from MR. HUNT'S Instructions, were jotted down on backs of canvases and scraps of drawing paper, without knowledge of short-hand.

Their publication has been requested by artists in Europe and America.

HELEN M. KNOWLTON.

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DRAWING?

"Yes, or *trying*."

All anybody can do is to *try!* Nobody ever does anything! They only try!

Nature is economical. She puts her lights and darks only where she needs them. Don't try to be more skillful than she is!

Why draw *more* than you see? We must sacrifice in drawing as in everything else.

You thought it needed *more* work. It needs *less*. You don't get mystery because you are too conscientious! When a bird flies through the air you see no *feathers!* Your eye would require more than one focus: one for the bird, another for the feathers. You are to draw *not reality, but the appearance of reality!*

You put in so many lights and darks that your work is mystery overdone: —a negation of fact.

You see a beautiful sunset, and a barn comes into your picture. Will you grasp the whole at once in a grand sweep of broad sky and a broad mass of dark building, or will you stop to draw in all the shingles on the barn, per-

haps even the nails on each shingle; possibly the shaded side of each nail? Your fine sunset is all gone while you are doing this.

You are trying to compose without knowledge! Get your impressions from nature. Composition is simply a recollection of certain facts. No exaggeration can be stronger than Nature, for nothing is so strange as the truth! It is wilder and more weird than fancy! Look to Nature for material, and then use it as you have need. Hawthorne kept a note-book of hints which he obtained from Nature and from life; and to this he referred while writing his romances.

(*Study of game with simple, flat background.*) Your background is wanting in simplicity and flatness. It is not a wall; does not stay back; and the birds do not come forward. Nothing is apparent without a background. A white egg against a white paper is as nothing. It's no easy matter to paint a background. I venture to say that the old painters had more difficulty with their grounds than with their figures. You know the story of Vandyke brought to Rubens with this recommendation: "He already knows how to paint a background." "That is more than I can do!" was the reply.

There is force and vitality in a first sketch from life which the after-work rarely has. You want a picture to seize you as forcibly as if a man had seized you by the shoulder! It should impress you like reality! Velasquez and Tintoretto could do this like no one else — not Titian even, whose work was beautifully modeled and colored, but had not this quality of instantly seizing and holding the attention. I saw a man walk by. I have an impression in my brain of that man. I did not scrutinize him. I am not sure that he

took steps exactly two feet and a half long. That had nothing to do with the *impression!* In your sketches *keep the first vivid impression!* Add no details that shall weaken it! Look first for the big things!

1st. Proportions!

2d. Values — or masses of light and shade.

3d. Details that will not spoil the beginnings!

Look at that figure, and draw it as if it were a plant. Remember that background and clothing have reference to the figure. You might change the whole drawing of the face, yes, draw in the face of another boy, without materially changing the character of the figure.

You talk about "practice of the hand." It has less to do with drawing than you think. You draw with your brain, with your eyes. You could draw with your toes, like the man in Antwerp.

Old Poussin said, "My hand trembles with old age; but I think it will yet follow the dictates of my brains!"

Strive for simplicity! Not complexity! If you are going to Africa with a large cargo of merchandise, and you learn that, by reaching there on a certain day, you can double the price you were to get, throw half your cargo overboard, and arrive there in season to get your double price. Don't put needless expense into painting a head! Don't try to match tints! Rose and pearly colors blend into each other so that no one can unite them if painted separately. *Keep the impression of your subject as one thing!* Don't have the face a checkerboard of tints! Use such colors as nature uses, but not try to keep them distinct!

Your work may be called monotonous; but one tone is better than many which do not harmonize.

Lay aside your intelligence and draw things as they look to you, no matter if you don't know what they are. Some people who wear two or three sets of spectacles draw well. Now you have learned to get the masses, copy Albert Dürer and Hans Holbein for accuracy and form. Then draw them from memory, and thus make them a part of yourself.

"I am trying for sentiment!"

"Sentiment" if you like! But do embroider it upon a possibility!

(*A model in gold color and black lace.*) Aha! an omnibus in mourning!

Don't talk of what you are "*going* to do!" Do It!

Give up the idea of "color" for awhile! Consider masses — values, only. Some engravings of Titian's pictures almost represent his color. At first sacrifice the beauty of your drawing to getting values.

Make on a flat paper, the map of the thing. Then look for tangibility. See what makes the *picture!* The picture is what can not be described in any other way than by painting. Literature cannot take the place of art.

All notes in music are not high. There must be low tones as well. Put in only such details as will help the masses. Don't have your work *all trills!*

How are things visible? Can you see an egg against a white background? Not by drawing a line around it can you make it evident!

The vitality of flesh is *felt.* You cannot *see* the outline of that arm. It

exists by the help of what lies next to it. The dark blue apron and the bit of blue waist help to make it visible.

Lay on your color like the Florentine Mosaics which are made of flat pieces joined. Keep the masses flat, simple, and undisturbed, and spend your care on skillfully joining the edges.

You can always draw as well as you know how to. I flatter myself that I know and feel more than I express on canvas; but I know that it is not so

What makes an eye beautiful? Not the eye itself, although there are intrinsic forms which we acknowledge to be beautiful. It is the *regard*, the soul; and, in part, what surrounds the eye. Not the "liquid look." A snail has that.

Our whole life is given to looking at little things. We refuse to see broadly, to grasp a whole.

One dark and one light place in every picture.

We are not satisfied to do simply the things which we *can* do. We must draw something too hard for us. We must sing songs that have notes too high for us. How rare to hear a singer whose voice is not strained to reach impossible tones! Who wants to hear the highest tone that you can sing? We want to feel that there is a reserved force.

Elaboration is not beauty, and sand-paper has never finished a piece of bad work.

Picturesqueness can be expressed in five minutes by light and shade.

It 's the *doing* of the thing that 's important! *Doing* is bad enough; but *not doing is worse.*

You don't know what persistent effort is! Think of the violin student in the Paris Conservatoire, who was more than a year trying to bend his thumb as he had not been taught to do in the provinces!

This doing things to suit people! They'll hate you, and you won't suit them. Most of us live for the critic, and he *lives on us.* He don't sacrifice himself. He gets so much a line for writing a criticism. If the birds should read the newspapers they would all take to changing their notes. The parrots would exchange with the nightingales, and what a farce it would be!

Sketch sometimes by dragging the charcoal loosely over the paper, making cobweb lines.

I wished you all to begin by drawing that squirrel, because I wish you to *learn to record* an impression. So I have you rub in a dark shape, and then form it. After getting values and masses, work with exactness, as Holbein did. You must be able to draw a bird in charcoal so that one could not tell which is the bird, and which the drawing. Must model in two colors so completely that the drawing will seem to have color.

Carefully map out your work at first. Hold up two perpendicular lines, and get the idea of *where* it will come upon the paper. With *persistent, slow carelessness, work firmly, willfully!* Dare to make a mistake if it be a bold one. Think of the Egyptian image, with an arm longer than the whole figure, pointing, with decision and daring; and so strong that the beholder bows before it.

We dare to make the letter D, but we niggle over a drawing till it is so weak that it has nothing of nature in it — only *ourselves.*

Compare constantly, lines and angles, now you have the idea of values. Hold a looking-glass before your model and your drawing. Take a second's glance only, and see if the impression be the same. If it be not, ask "What is the difference?" Reflect as well as work! Get a *system* of working!

"It seems as if nothing would ever come to me!" Nothing *comes* into *anybody's* head! It is persistent love of a thing that tells finally. And we are helped immensely by putting down our impressions. We don't try, for fear that we can't.

When I was a little boy I wanted to learn the violin, but a certain man discouraged me. "Don't learn the violin! It's *so hard!*" I could kick that man now! It is easier to eat dip-toast than to play the violin; but it doesn't meet the same want.

You can develop a child's faculties by drawing better than by books; and no other study will so quicken his perceptions. Pin-holes through a paper give a child a better idea of the stars than all the study of astronomy.

Children should learn to draw as they learn to write, and such a mystery should not be made of it. They should be encouraged, not flattered. As it is, every child shows some disposition to draw early — marking on doors, tables, books, "whole sheets of paper," — "which must not be wasted," while the parents, who would save that paper, write the most vapid nonsense. With no help and encouragement, the child gradually loses its desire to draw; gets in-

terested in other things, until the wish to draw again breaks out, and then double effort is required to get the facility which might have been gained insensibly.

Let me give you a few simple rules for learning to draw:—

First, see of what shape the *whole* thing is!

Next, put in the line that marks the movement of the whole. Don't have more than one movement in a figure! You cannot patch parts together.

Simple lines! Then, simple values!

Establish *the fact of the whole.* Is it square, oblong, cube, or what is it? Keep in mind to look at the map of the thing! Put in all that is of greatest importance at first. It will never be the same again.

Keep things in their right places.

When values are so nearly alike that it is difficult to distinguish them, make them alike, and thus learn to simplify your masses.

Keep yourself in the habit of drawing from memory. The value of memory-sketches lies in the fact that *so much is forgotten!* In time we must learn to leave out in our finished pictures these things which we now leave out through ignorance or forgetfulness. We must learn what to sacrifice.

More imagination is required to express a human being than to express all the dragons. Imagination makes serpents squirm upwards, when everybody knows that they crawl upon the ground. Imagination comes in after we have had experience.

Be earnest, and don't worry, and you will learn twice as fast. You will some

day arrive at a time when you can say, "That's *right!*" But you must learn your alphabet first.

I don't believe in trying to see more than you *can* see, nor in remembering more than you can remember.

If we would only work simply! If a bit of canvas uncovered has a better effect than it would have if paint were on it; if something half done looks better than anything finished; in a word, if the Lord helps us in that way, let us say, "Much obliged!" and take the help; and not, because *we* did not do it, think that we must work over that spot and so spoil it.

A man whom I am painting, says of his portrait, "Very good! But here's a bit of canvas with no paint upon it!" "Oh, ah! indeed!" And then, to please that man, I cover that spot, and spoil the best thing in the picture!

Look at that hair! I say I'll paint that hair! It's brown; I know that it is brown. But then people say that my grays are nice! So I must put in some of those "nice grays." I forget nature, and do so. A visitor calls. "But that hair is rather gray!" "O, yes! Well, my light is a north light, and things look rather gray in it." And so I persuade myself that I *do not lie!*

We must be true to our instincts. Shakespeare, like all great men, was true to his instincts. Bret Harte is true to his. Abraham Lincoln believed in his own instincts! And why shouldn't he, since he had the best!

There's lots of fun in this world after all! And if there isn't there is in the next. And we're going there sure!

Art is all that remains of man.

W. M. Hunt.

Last Portrait.

If you could see me dig and groan, rub it out and start again, hate myself, and feel dreadfully! The people who "do things easily!" Their things you look at easily, and *give away easily!*"

Surface work makes no impression, except that it is *prettily done.*

Nothing is firm but the positiveness of truth. Don't make positive lines that are not true!

Memory is a mighty simple little thing, and is improved by adding *one* little thing, not shovels-full. Could you fill a pail at Niagara? No, it must be filled by drops!

A hundred times too much work is done. Get porridge enough together in one day to last two. Make a good struggle, and then rest. Kill enough game in one afternoon to last a week; otherwise, if rabbit gets a stomach-ache and stays at home, you starve to death.

It is a privilege to see *how* a thing is done, and a bore to *show* how it is done.

You can fire one bullet against another one so exactly that the two shall weld into one.

"How do you do?" I don't know, and I don't care. If I did, I should know.

"I can't *see* anything!" Don't want you to. You can *see* more than you can *do.*

Do *as well as you can!*

Inspiration is nothing without work.

Look for the great lines first. You must accustom yourself to getting pro-

portion in a very definite way. Don't be in a hurry; and *give up all that you think you know!*

At first, drawing is putting dark where dark is; in the direction in which it goes, and in comparison with other darks.

Make light lines, and use these lines as limits where the work will go.

Fear not to represent impressions as Nature gives them to you!

Ignore what Nature ignores!

A circus-rider *must not* miss his jump? He has *got to do it!* Have seen one bite his hands to get himself up to the point!

Make careful tracings of photographs from the old masters, — especially from Albert Dürer and Mantegna. Titian not firm enough.

Read Taine's "Art in Greece," and William Hazlitt's "Criticisms on Art."

What we do best is done against difficulties. Told R. H. Fuller, if being a night watchman made him paint, to continue to be a night watchman.

(*An owl, against a sky background.*) Don't bother about the *owl*, but about the *whole picture.* Sacrifice everything to the lights and shades. There is only one way to have light. Have darkness to make it on! Put down what you see!

Nothing exists without its background. It's *where* the bird is that makes the bird.

Draw a line around your sketch for a frame, and this frame gives distance.

Think all that you can! Put in as little hand-work as possible, and as

much intelligence. Permit yourself the luxury of doing it in the simplest way!

We cannot arrive at the light and dark that there is in Nature, so we must *exaggerate*, if we can.

In drawing, as in pistol-shooting, pay your whole attention to *the object aimed at!* Keep your finger gently on the trigger, making it close slowly, deliberately, imperceptibly, — like fate; and, after that is started, put your whole mind upon the aim, and make everything bend to that. A bad marksman is thinking too much of the trigger. The pistol should go off itself.

Some of you older scholars must begin to settle upon some system. Find out what you like to do, and begin to do it. Every one must express something as it looks to him. When everybody is original, then life will be worth living for. A few people half dare to express themselves, and how interesting they are!

We put the pedal down here and there; but twenty good draughtsmen cannot make things alike; nor is it desirable that they should. Follow your own individual taste, and somebody will appreciate it.

"To draw!" What is it to draw? Any idiot who could learn to write could learn to draw! Not to draw well; for that seems to me to require more skill than anything else in the world. More than to make a plea, or a speech in the United States Senate. And that is why criticism is so cruel. It will not take any work of art for what it is worth. It is "a little too much this, and a little too much that," when the truth is, *nothing is right!* Let Raphael and Titian

draw the same nose, and their drawings will be totally unlike. *You* don't see with *my* eyes; *I* don't see with *yours*. Let each see with his own, and let his attempt to render what he sees be respected!

Some people have expressed themselves as discouraged in their expectation of finding any art in America, and have "long since ceased to hope!" Let us remember that art, like jelly, has always been more easily recognized when cold. It has always existed, in all nations, and the tradition will probably not die here.

Art is not always recognized in the present. In fact, most people prefer it *canned!* There are some individuals who are farther from the present than the earth from the fixed stars; and light may eventually reach their *posterity*.

If Art depended upon literature there would never be much? The artist needs *help!* The critic should come to him in love, and ask to help him.

If we "have no art," there are more people who go to see picture galleries than who go to see libraries. There are more people to-day studying Greek art than there are people studying Greek literature.

The artist is an interpreter of Nature. People learn to love nature through pictures. To the artist nothing is in vain; nothing beneath his notice. If he is great enough he will exalt every subject which he treats. Who sees or hears the word Albatross, and does not think of the "Ancient Mariner?"

Nothing remains of a nation but its poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture.

Don't try to get the *color* of that baby's shoulder! You'll *patch* there all your life! You can't get it by patching. You've got twenty-five different things.

Represent it by a simple color, and go on. Paint it right straight through as near as you can. Take a good-sized brush, and get something that will answer for flesh-color.

You want to learn *how to paint!* Well, we won't mind now about the color! To arrive at color you must first learn *how to paint;* and it isn't done by patching. Learn a simple manner of proceeding. Attack things in a broad, simple way; and, when done, you will find certain faults of color which you can correct — *in another picture.* I must combat your eye for color; which is first-rate, by the way; and teach you the simple, broad manner of painting. Then your natural feeling for color will tell later. Take, for instance, burnt sienna, white, and cobalt. (Brown, white, and red would do it.) Lay the color on frankly and fully. Join the edges carefully. Don't work in the centre of things. Make flat masses of the right value and put your care into the edges. Unite them carefully. Give up the idea of getting color by niggling! Produce it in a broad, simple way; and remember that you can't copy that exactly, and the sooner you give up the idea, the better.

The passage from one tint to another is all in one tone. You've spent fifteen minutes in putting a great many tints into that face. Now spend one moment in looking at it simply and taking out nearly all that you have put in! Expand planes, instead of diminishing them! Do away with as many half-tints as you can. Expand the lights, look for the limits, and keep the gradations! Scrutiny makes you eat the whole light out of your work.

"I was trying to keep the reflected lights."

Reflected lights! You never saw a good picture with reflected lights! They'll

come of themselves in the shadows. And don't think so much of the high light on the nose! Don't believe that a face is going to be relieved by it! Look at this Greuze! I hang it up there because it is so broadly done; but it is full of dandyism, is false in many particulars, and lights are put in where light could not possibly fall. There's the same trouble in my sketch there, near it. Look at that cheek! It comes out like a sausage. I did it, I am willing to confess, and I hate it!

Look for the broad lights! Don't let half-tints encroach upon them! Keep them frank! You think there's a dark here and a dark there, and you get it over-modeled. This comes from having overdone a hundred things without looking to see what the thing really is! You can't relieve the nose by putting a light upon it. You must put a shadow by the side of it.

Work as long as you know what to do! Not an instant longer!

Be carefully careless!

Try to get flat, even surfaces. People who paint for a living, house-painters, etc., always get flat surfaces. They don't stop to niggle.

"How shall I paint that background?"

Go to Cambridge to find out. Literature will tell you. There is no language in art but that of the eye. Art cannot describe color. That is the fun of picture books. They don't *say* anything.

How to do it? Well, if you must know, paint it a dark, deep, invisible, olive gray.

Painting is appreciation of the form, character, and color of the things. Not oil or varnishes.

The eyes are never alike, except in an idiot — in whose face the movement of the mouth is alike on both sides. So we need not feel bad if one corner of the mouth is up more than the other, or one eye higher than the other. However, we 'll say nothing against the idiots. In another world they may be just the right kind. They are interesting sometimes, — so entirely natural.

"I don't know about the mouth!" Who does?

Model the eyebrow as if there were no color or hair upon it. Make it look like a rivulet running over a stone. The eye is not a thing drawn flatly upon the face. What lies above and below the eye helps to make it.

The mouth is not a *slit*. It is shaped like a *trumpet*. Like something through which sound may come.

"I want to get the look of innocence!
Get the mouth first and the innocence afterward; or it will be *too innocent!*

Vertical and horizontal lines are unerring guides to perspective. You can draw anything with them.

Go straight ahead and get the *likeness!* Then try to make it fascinating afterwards.

Continually walk away from your work, and see if your representation realizes your idea of the subject.

You can't learn by studying nature alone. Copy Albert Dürer! Look at Titian! People are afraid if you go abroad or look at anything but Boston Common, that you 'll paint like Titian or Claude.

You could n't learn geography or algebra without books to refer to. You can't do a fine thing without having seen fine examples. I should like to see Adam draw that drapery! He 'd "slip up;" you know that he would.

It is worth while to have done one thing as well as we know how; that is, to have made a careful study of an object, for the sake of seeing how a *little* thing adds.

Don't be entirely discouraged because you can't paint like "Pinxit" in one afternoon. It is not wholly our fault because we can't paint. It is because we have not *seen* enough!

"Getting along without instruction!"

Nobody ever did well without learning from those who had had opportunity to know what was good and great. Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael, were they "self-taught?"

I "rather guess" *not!*

I respect everything that *is, because it is!* I don't respect what is n't, just because it *is n't!*

Paint for fun! I don't care whether it succeeds or not! Let success come along afterwards!

Draw firm! and be jolly!

That sketch is smart, but I don't like it. It was done too hurriedly. It shows too much ambition to do a thing quickly. I don't care how badly a sketch is painted if it looks as if you really wanted to do it. I would keep you from getting too smart all at once. It would be impossible to go on with that sketch. There 's the *end* of it. I repeat that it is smart, but you get there too soon. No use getting ahead of *yourself!*

I think that anything you paint ought to give the impression of an aspiration. If you hear a stutterer trying to express himself, you sympathize with him in what he wants to say.

What if you do use bad grammar! I don't care — if you have *something to say!*

No one ever did a good thing without thought, without respect. I believe in laying out just so much earnestness! What if Michael Angelo had done his work in the Sistine Chapel easily?

An artist, calling one day upon Grisi, found her upon a sofa, weary and forlorn. He expressed his surprise at her appearance, declaring that she was the one mortal whom he had envied, such was her strength, buoyancy, and joyousness. He had not thought she could find life a burden. "Ah!" said she, "I save myself all day for that one bound upon the stage! Not for worlds would I leave this sofa, which I must keep all day that I may be ready for my work at night." She sacrificed everything in life for that!

I saw Blondin after he had walked across Niagara on a rope, and he told me that there was not one man in the great crowd assembled to witness the feat,

who could even carry his balancing pole the same distance upon level ground, *as he carried it*, perfectly balanced.

Don't be careless for an instant! You know there are musicians who will not touch a piano which makes a false sound! You may call them whimsical, but they are right. You want a little rub-a-dub this evening, and are annoyed at "those particular fellows! who cannot play upon a piano which is not *just right!*" Why, what would you think of your hostess, who at an evening party should say, "Now let us see you draw! We want to see you do it!" Or, "Come write a little poetry! We want to see how you look when you write poetry!"

Whatever beauty there is comes not by itself, but by what is around it. Take intrinsic beauty and you can multiply or subtract from it by the position in which it is to be placed. Do not devote one single instant to putting down what you don't see. You clinch at a habit which will render drawing impossible.

Think — one moment out of five hundred!
Think! And believe that it requires some brains to draw.

Don't deny the impression that you receive!

You can't finish anything until it is done. Try to finish at first, and you are digging a well up in the air!

What is Drawing? How is the object visible?
Difference of values produces the "effect!"

Interior of Mr. Hunt's Boston Studio.

You think it an insult to put a shadow upon a face! The Lord does n't think so!

That 's a good sketch! But don't touch the head again! You would spoil it! Because you have been *smart* don't try to be *superhuman!*

I do not see you walk away from your work enough! You can learn more in four minutes in that way than you could in an hour at your easel.

To *finish*, stop *fooling* over your work! Don't blister it all over with *facts! Facts are not poetry!* And stop this eternal going back to correct! I remember to have heard a distinguished statesman read aloud a French letter; and instead of reading on, to the best of his ability, he went back, correcting himself, and snubbing the words he had mispronounced; and the consequence is, that I 've forgotten the substance of the letter, and only remember his blunders and corrections. I like to hear French read well; but I don't like to hear it *practiced.* Demosthenes did not practice before his audiences. He did that in a cave.

It is the subjection of one thing to another that makes the picture. We want the finish of a clean, round bullet rather than that of a chestnut burr. We don't want the finish that rats give to cheese. After they 've finished it there 's nothing left.

Avoid certain petty, trivial details which people call "finish." They are of the nature of things with which one would confuse a child, deceive a fly, or amuse an idiot!

Some speak of a picture as having "certain fine points." So has a chestnut

burr; and it is no compliment to a work of art to be thus spoken of! What would you think if you heard Beethoven's Sonatas described as having "certain fine points?"

Don't be too difficult with yourself! One's self can't stand it! It discourages production. Go ahead! Produce! produce! and don't stop to *judge* till the *last* sample has appeared. The horses which have won four-mile races have never stopped at the end of the first mile to criticize their own pace. Others will do this; and whatever others will attend to, leave them behind to attend to it!

I think it is the safest place to be in, viz.: the place *just ahead* of where one is being attacked! Let the critic and the historian fumble in carrion, but *a producer should always be in the present!* The *next* work is the one in which to put all the good, and to leave out some of the bad of the past!

But never attack one's own drawings! Poor things! they can't defend themselves! *Acknowledge only;* and *go on!*

Apropos of criticising one's own work, I am sure that, if the best hen in the world, after laying an egg, looked around long enough — criticising it, not a chicken would ensue! But in laying, ever laying, and setting, ever setting, the hen throws all the responsibility upon the chickens!

In painting those flowers make first a neutral tint, preserving the values. Then dash in the color of the flower. In that way you get a red, or yellow tint which is agreeable, instead of red or yellow *paint*, which would be offensive.

In drawing that white azalea, make the petals in light, as distinct as if they were cut with a stencil.

"Won't that picture crack?"

I don't care if it does! It would be better if more pictures cracked! Garrets are as essential as galleries. There must be a place in which to put bad work; and the more garrets, the more things get sifted!

Don't turn the head one way, and the eyes another. The eyes always lead the movement of the head except when we are listening. Look at me! There, that's what you're trying to do!

It *isn't* becoming!

Hang the "becoming!" It isn't *natural!*

You are longing to get something which is in your own mind; not looking to see what is before you.

Try to get the luminous quality of that face in the light. It is a very simple, neutral color. Its beauty is in its gradations.

You haven't yet a belief in the fact that *the simple mass of light is never troubled with shadows!* You put in that shadow because you thought it would help you to get "relief." *Look for the relief of the whole!*

Our eyes are trained to scrutiny from childhood. We are all looking for holes in people's elbows, and dust on their coat-collars. It is the mean, ordinary way of looking at human nature. We who paint must not use our eyes *so* because they *can* be so used! If the coat *is* greasy it may be beautiful when painted.

Look for a realization of what you want! Don't go at things to approximate! Ask yourself positively the definition of the thing before you. What is it? Of what color is it? What color and form is nearest to it?

Make a little frame with your hand, and look through it. See what your *picture* is, and paint it in frankly. Put it in as you think it ought to be when left.

Where is your *silk* dress that is going to touch the sobriety of that old woolen gown? That apron is not neat, but it suggests neatness.

Don't put a face upon that baby which looks like Demosthenes, or like a judge in a court room!

If we can *do what we see*, and get our perceptions up by seeing fine things that have been done, it would n't be necessary to have such very fine models as we think.

We don't work enough for the sake of learning, but too much for the sake of having it known that we work. The desire to excel is natural and commendable, but we must cut it down, and *sacrifice ourselves*, in order to learn.

You are so desirous to do the thing that you don't look to see what it is! If you could learn how to do certain things from looking at fine works, it would seem possible to do well constantly.

"It is n't quite right!"

Of course it is n't, and it can't be. No matter! Push on! You must n't ex-

pect to do anything perfectly. Do as well as you can, and let it go! If a street-car horse makes a misstep the driver does n't say, "Here! Go back! Do that over again!" No, go ahead continually!

A modern portrait painter told his sitter that when his portrait had become mellowed by time it would have the same tone that Titian's work had. He forgot that there were a great many painters who lived at the same time as Titian whose works do not at all resemble his.

No, it is a mistake to believe that colors used now do not last as well as those used in the times of the old masters. The truth is that those men *knew how to paint!* They worked frankly, and did n't niggle. They let their pictures alone, and did n't fool over them.

Don't consider it a "duty" to exaggerate the *plainness* only! Exaggerate the *beauty*, if you can. Hang the "*duty!*" Try to do the thing *as you see it!* Don't think of making a handsome picture! Try to represent the *reality*, and it will be handsome enough.

You can only give out what you receive.

"In painting this head, how shall I join the tones?"

Don't ask *me!* *I* don't know how! If I could find out how, I would go ten million miles on my knees to do it! We all want to know *how* things are done. Boston is a great place for receipts. There is a receipt for being scientific, one for being sentimental, another for being religious. But painting is something for which you can't get a receipt; so people say that their teachers are to blame, that they "don't impart enough."

"What colors should you have used?"

The colors for me to use are not the colors for you to use. If I had made that sketch I probably should not have got such a clear color in the forehead. You get first-rate *parts* of things, but the great thing is, *to get the relation of parts!* Outsiders would say that the face is covered with moth-patches; but I say that it is real, earnest work! True color, and like life!

Strive for cool color in flesh. For color like that of tea-roses. The old fellows used cool colors. Nothing snuffy about them!

Work while your brain is full of the picture before you! Don't bother and worry, and don't gloat over it, until you have wholly lost your first impression! When your interest slips away a little, quit your sketch; go and read a newspaper, for instance. Forget all about it! Then approach it from a distance, and your fresh eyes will tell you where you are in your work.

You must get over the idea, that the only firm thing is a fine line. Firmness is consistency, solidity — something thicker than a line. Why, an infant's cheek may be firm! A firm man does n't go in a line. He is firm throughout. Firmness is in thickness, as much as in outline. A hard outline on the edge looks thin and weak rather than firm. A hoop is not a firm thing.

Find the middle of the figure, and then hold up vertical and horizontal lines across it. See what parts come under the same line.

Use your canvas as you would a slate — with the idea that you can rub out and add and subtract at will. Always have plenty of canvases at hand. It is a

luxury to know that you have twenty-five or thirty ready to do with as you please.

Transparent work in drawing does n't amount to anything. Get a good solid tone! That criss-cross of lines does n't mean anything, unless it is a snow-storm! If you want black, make it black. If you want white, make it white. Don't be afraid of getting it black if black is what you want! You 'll never get anything as long as you live if you don't take a broad piece of charcoal, or a big brush, and make a good solid tone — where there is one. Instead of one white light in your sketch, you have fifty.

(*Sketch of a little boy in red stockings.*) The stockings were painted with Prussian blue and white at first; then a red tint given to them. If they had been painted red at once, the red would have been too glaring. It would have been a picture of red stockings.

The struggle of one color with another produces color.

The highest light on the face is usually on the spot which would get wet first if you were out in the rain.

Make the tint on the cheek uniform and flat. You spoil it by over-modeling. There is no half-tint on the light side of the nose. It is the same as the cheek. Make it flat, and it will be round enough!

In trying to paint sunlight behind those trees, bang away, and get it *light enough!* "What color to use?" I don't care what colors you use, only *get it light where it is light!*

I am always hoping to be able to paint a portrait in one day. There's my sketch — my impression of the boy as he came for the first time into the studio. With a few lines I represented my idea of his figure, manner. *My* impression, I say. Not yours: not the impression of anybody else. No one else would have sketched him in *just* that way.

Now don't think that when I say I want to paint him in one day that I count it only one day's work! For weeks I have considered it, have prepared different grounds — four certainly; have experimented on similar grounds to know which will be the best. I've thought of it day and night. Awaking at three o'clock in the morning with the thought of whether I can get him vigorous enough against a certain background. So I keep this picture in mind until I feel that I can strike the right color here, there; I can make this dark enough, that light enough. Then, when the time comes, I must be ready to paint; and I tell you it's no joke to paint a portrait! I wonder that I am not more timid when I begin! I feel almost certain that I can do it. It seems very simple. I don't think of the time that is sure to come, when I almost despair; when the whole thing seems hopeless. Into the painting of every picture that is worth anything, there comes, sometime, this period of despair!

Ask yourself positively what is the realization of the thing! If the line is straight, make it so, as nearly as possible at once. If it is crooked, make it positively crooked. Lay down palette and brushes, and ask, as if your life depended upon it, what is the color? Decide, as nearly as you can, what will make it, and do it at once. Don't be "wabbling" all the morning, and approximate in the afternoon!

Give up the habit of working with charcoal in lines! Make the surface solid; either light or dark. Don't have your background look like a snow-storm! Rub down a smooth surface, and draw the head firmly against it. Put dark where you see dark, and light where you see light. If you are looking at the braid in that hair you do not see the whole head. Do little things after establishing the great masses.

You get a habit of pat, patting little lines that don't mean anything. Don't make lines until you think you know where they belong. Then go ahead!

Don't work headlessly! Criticise occasionally what you have done, instead of keeping closely at work. If your hand is always on your paper you will work thoughtlessly. There 's nothing there that you can't render in ten minutes. Don't check yourself by over anxiety! Put down frankly what you believe! Put it down as you think it is, and it will be a great deal nearer right than if done in any other way.

In painting the stem of a flower, put your brush in the right place, and draw it down at once, firmly. Don't go along tick, tick, tick! and don't be afraid of it!

In using water-colors try to get fullness of vigor as you would with oil colors. Don't hesitate to get it "awfully" colored! I would go, at once, to the fullest extent that my palette would allow! I would try, once or twice, to see how vigorous I could get it.

"Would you paint Mr. A— if I could persuade him to sit for his portrait?"

I don't like *persuaded* sitters. I never could paint a cat if the cat had any scruples, religious, superstitious, or otherwise, about sitting.

" I felt like doing it; but I thought it was my duty to do differently; so I was trying to."

Do as you feel! Hang duty — in drawing and painting! Duty never painted a picture, nor wrote a poem, nor built a fire. Do it *as it seems to you to be!*

Put in what you need to express the thing! *Everything* is beautiful! That 's what 's the matter! People would n't see the beauty of this floor, with its light and shade and color. They would only see dirt and spots.

Look away from your work! Don't be forever looking at your own work! And you are trying too much for tone, tone, tone! You 've got to deny that *that is that*, for *it is n't that!* Look at that drawing! It is more like life than your painting. Why the paper is nearer the color of the model than your work. People don't know how little it takes to make that color. It is made of nothing. Is almost black and white. A drawing comes mighty near nature when you mind all the values.

I like that drawing because the paper is *completely filled.* That is the beauty of the Greek coins. They are completely filled. They fill the space that they occupy.

A quarter of an inch is enough to disengage eternity on.

Don't underpaint too heavily! I don't believe in so much *loading.* What is it? It is making a great mass of dirty color which is of no use to yourself or

Charles River with Bathers.

anybody else. Underpaint simply, and with no unnecessary "body." Then a little color tells in your next painting, which, by the way, must not be undertaken immediately. Let it stand a year if possible, until you have forgotten it. Then pull it out and go on with it. Long drying seems to induce some chemical change which helps you in finishing your picture. Titian preferred to let his first painting stand six or eight months. I tell you, those old fellows *knew !*

You 're all in such a hurry to learn to paint! Why, I've been at it all my life, and I don't to-day, feel that I know anything! I'm not sure that I can go on with a single one of these portraits that I 've begun.

You say that I told you yesterday to work in one way, and that to-day I tell you to work in another. Certainly; and to-morrow I shall probably suggest a third, if I think by "tacking ship" you can make headway.

Don't hesitate to leave a point wherein you are strong, and to strengthen yourself in a direction wherein you are weak. Then return with freshness, and carry your strong point along.

By being always careful you will gradually lose all freedom of movement, and come eventually to use only the tips of your fingers. A cat don't catch a mouse with her claws alone. She strikes out from her shoulders, after making a bound from her hind feet.

You must necessarily spoil a good deal of paper. Therefore, I beg of you, spoil it cheerfully. You will learn freedom of movement in so doing. If a child were as pedantic and fussy in his endeavors to pronounce as we are in

trying to exactly determine certain little forms and colors, he would never learn to speak.

You might as well expect to learn to shoot by firing off one grain of powder at a time. No! Fire off the whole charge, right or wrong! The direction may be faulty at first, but the bullet will take effect somewhere, visibly; and if in the wrong place, *vary your aim, but not the power.*

Strike frankly and strong from your convictions, and your faults will be much more easily corrected; for they will be the more evident. If you use only your finger tips, you will acquire a stiff wrist, elbow, shoulder, and back.

Convince yourself of the general form of an object. Swing the whole form upon your paper or canvas. Then amuse yourself by dividing it and sub-dividing it by details. Make your hulk first. Then step the masts, and, if you like, add a pennon. Never try to hang a head upon a nose.

I know that the oak grows from the acorn, but the acorn contains the oak. Wing a chrysalis, and you have a butterfly. Add legs and head to the form of an egg, and you have at least one chicken, but you can't make one with a ticking full of feathers.

You can't even see a hair on a cat without losing sight of pussy!

When the tree throws off its leaves it does n't give up the right to appear in one simple form or mass against the sky — except to the squirrel who only deals with one branch at a time.

The Greek sculptors did not spend any *more* time than we do on the hair of their dogs and horses, and yet — !!

At any rate, put off this kind of work until the last, and if you should by any chance forget it, your friends will certainly remind you of it. *The want of an eye-lash or a button, never goes unnoticed.*

Therefore, first be sure that you have accomplished the bulk,— that is, roundness and thickness of your object; for should you fail in this, the critic might not observe the want of it, and it would go forever unexpressed.

In other words, *do as does nature.* Hide the solid form of the figure under the folds of the clothing; and never run the risk of undertaking to render the form and movement of the bird after you have completed the feathers!

Chase your shadow! — but *don't run after originality.*

Should you grow discouraged at your slow progress, try for a year or two tc play a violin solo!

When an inexperienced person discourages you by not liking your work, ask yourself how many dollars you would give for his opinion.

"What shall I do to soften the face!"

Oh, take yellow, red, and blue and white, and do what your *feeling* tells you to do. Words don't help you! I might as well tell you how to write a poem by handing you a number of letters, and saying, "There! use these thus and so, and a poem will come of it!" You would answer, "But that would n't be what I wish to say!" Therefore you must pick out your own letters, and write your own poem.

"Will you please to correct some of the mistakes in my work?"

Mistakes! we *go on by mistakes!* Get ahead by making them! Just as a crab, to make progress, walks backward.

Instead of *one* canvas, ready to paint on, you ought to *have forty, and paint for a joke.* I have a hundred and fifty in waiting, and each of you ought to have ten at least. You always have gloves to wear. You need canvases just as much.

"My things get to so look like monkeys, that I am afraid I am fast becoming a Darwinian!"

You 're behind the times! *Going* to be one! Why, I should suppose you had always been one! For a long time I 've been taking that for a starting point. Now I believe that some of us are going back to the monkey state! Part of the race are going *from* it, and part *towards* it!

I 've just finished this little sketch, painting it in twenty minutes, with the intention simply of getting light in a sky. When I left it, I thought "The first person who comes in will say, 'O, trying to paint like Corot!'" I was n't trying to paint like any one: but I know that when I look at nature I think of Millet, Corot, Delacroix, and sometimes of Daubigny. Just as if we were to write a line of poetry that hit the nail sharp upon the head, it *might* make us *think of Shakespeare.*

Work is a stimulus to work! and loafing is a stimulus to laziness!

Your drawing is too vapory. It needs to be made definite, by certain lines which you might use to disengage the head from the background. Draw a line firmly under that chin, and then you can work up to it, and lose it if you don't like it. Your work does n't "carry" across the room. It looks like nature when

you come close to it; but it must look like nature as soon as you enter the door.

You can't *literally* reproduce it, but you must use means to make it count for what you wish to represent. When Paul Veronese painted his pictures, he knew where they were to be seen. Some of them were as long as this room; forty feet perhaps. When you come near to them you might find what you would call "faults;" but I tell you that *he knew why he made use of these means.* You may say that he was "too much this and too much that;" but he has shown us how to make certain effects possible.

You must take for granted the experience of people who have *had* experience, and who knew what they were about. Paul Veronese will always be known as a great painter; and until we get to be greater than he, we must believe that he was right. So with Michael Angelo. You may say that he distorted the muscles; that he exaggerated certain parts at the expense of others. He, like Veronese, never made a touch that he did n't need! You must see his pictures in the place in which they belonged. You can't judge altogether of paintings by photographs from them. For instance, certain lines would be made of red—which would photograph black; and you would see them dark where they were not intended to be dark.

Paul Veronese says that "art is conventional!" It is not literal; any more than poetry. Titian acted upon the same idea.

"But in a very different manner?"

Only that his name began with a T instead of a V! When he saw that his things did not count at a distance, he knew what to do to get the effect. He

took *his* way; Veronese *his* way. Looking at Leonardo da Vinci, I feel that I would n't have done this, and I would n't have done that; but — *he knew!*

The Greek sculptors had their way of getting what they wanted. When the Greeks doubled a movement, they did it to strengthen a group. They sustained things to get breadth. You often see single horses painted whose legs would hardly carry their weight. You can't snap off the leg of a horse in the Parthenon!

We have got to have faith in the biggest people that have ever done anything. If we can find out a way of doing our work with less expense, all right! Paul Veronese gives you the *résumé* of a thing. Velasquez painted hands with two strokes of the brush. Near the canvas you would say that his hands had but three fingers each; but, at the distance at which they were meant to be seen, they were real hands!

Now it would be very easy for me to say "Yes!" to your admiration of painters who are not the greatest; and it is n't what might be called "pleasant" for me to combat your ideas. But, in spite of what you may think of me, I have a firm conviction that you have n't the true idea of *great Art!* Besides, I want to tell you that you have n't a right, at the age of twenty years, to pronounce judgment on these great artists, who may never be equaled, *never can be excelled.*

I have disliked pictures so much that I afterwards found were good, that I want to hint to you that you may, some day, want an outlet from the opinions you now hold.

The fact is, we must take, in the works of these men, what you call *faults*, and ask ourselves if they were not perhaps, *qualities.*

What a time has been made over Michael Angelo's "Moses," with his horns! Michael Angelo felt that *Moses must have horns!* To represent him he must have something more than a man with a full beard, and you must accept these horns just as you would a word which some poet had felt the need of, and had coined. As Michael Angelo was the greatest creator that ever worked in art, had n't we better decide that we 'll wait fifteen minutes before passing judgment upon him, or upon what he did?

There was the same talk about his plan of St. Peter's Church. Everybody had always raised such a hue and cry about it, comparing it, unfavorably, with St. Paul's. Horace Binney Wallace, the Philadelphia writer upon art, was the first man to say, "Hold on! Let 's look at it from the artist's point of view! Let 's walk out of Rome and see it thirty miles off!" This church was intended to be a sort of handle to the city. In the position which it holds, it needed to be built just as it was built.

Ah! these great men! Their life was one prayer! They did nothing but their work; cared only for what they were doing, and how little the world knows of them!

Whoever really knew the Sistine Chapel decorations until photographs brought them to us? Formerly, we looked at what seemed the great brown patches, straining our eyes in the glare of light, or holding a looking-glass in our hand to reflect them. They had to be brought to us before we could know them!

We must believe that *there was something in the Past!* The Past has produced Homer, Shakespeare, and Michael Angelo. Don't give a judgment

upon them before you are ready! No use in shutting up your future. Leave it open! so that you *can believe!*

Go to Europe and stay five years; and I 'll bet you a hundred thousand dollars that you 'll prefer a Mantegna to a Ribera! So with Velasquez! He won't hit you at first; but later. You 'll begin with Murillo, and end with Velasquez!

To come down to our own time. Fifteen years ago, everybody said that Delacroix was a fool. Could n't represent what he wanted to without his peculiar criss-cross work of hatching! What of it? Try to work simply; but *get what you want!* Criss-cross, sit on it, pour an inkbottle over it! Only *get it!* Do as did Benvenuto Cellini. Take all your vases and re-cast them, in order to make your last work what you want to make it!

Five years ago scarcely a Boston individual would look at Corot. Twenty years ago nobody in Europe would buy him. He was "so peculiar!" So was Christopher Columbus! *The pioneer is always peculiar!*

Paul Veronese has more qualities as a *painter* than any man who ever lived. Our idea of making a "faultless" thing is all nonsense.

Make the thing! Stick in the faults! A man's nose may be too long; but it belongs to him, and God made it. Until we get to rendering a thing, we don't see all its merits. We all like the floor of this studio better than we used to, because we've found out that we can't paint it. So of a mud-puddle. We see the beauty when we find that we can't begin to render it.

The longer you dig at a thing, the more margin you will give to people who have given their lives to one pursuit.

Take Millet's "Sheep Shearer." You would say that the line around the arm

was too strong. But it was needed. Without it, the drawing would have been vapory. A week after the picture was done — as I thought, as anybody would have thought, — I saw him digging upon it, not for pay, although he was nearly starving, but to carry it where he knew it ought to go.

We might as well say that the Egyptians were wrong in putting long arms on their figures! No, they did it with a purpose. In their sculptures you will find beautiful faces, beautiful throats, but hands without action. They believed not in action, but in repose.

There was Poussin, a lovely old chap! How the critics were down on him when he painted "Moses striking the Rock"! The owner wrote him, "I don't like it! Here 's a lake, made in a single moment! You 've been trivial! I don't want your picture!" To which came the calm reply, "Don't worry! I thought if Moses was going to strike a rock, he might as well strike where there had once been a fountain. He knew what he was about!"

Believe that those old fellows who happened to have existed have loved the thing better than we ever shall. *They stood by and dug!* Velasquez had a facility, because he painted ten thousand pictures; and, furthermore, he took an oath to *Never do anything without Nature before him!* He hired a boy to stay with him, and when he wanted him he was always at hand.

If I were to show that sketch of mine to some people they would say, "It looks as if you had *daubed stuff* around upon that canvas!" I should feel tempted to say that they *might* "daub stuff" around, and not get so much of a picture as that even! I am trying, first of all, to get a simple, luminous color.

I don't want to make it like the color of any *painted* sky that I ever saw. I want, I say, a simple, luminous color.

Don't bother too much about color! Get the effect of light, and you won't miss color. I know that my pictures are said to "lack color;" but I don't like a great many things which people admire for their "color."

(*Moonlight.*) You don't have to be literal to a line to make an impression. Moonlight pictures are apt to look as if you had dipped the thing in ink, and half washed it out. This sketch looks like *one thing*, instead of sixteen — which is one good quality.

In poetry and painting, *facts do not amount to much.* Fact didn't make a Hamlet! Facts change; but ideas don't. Every seven years there is a new notion about eating eggs. One while, *soft-boiled* eggs are the thing; then *hard-boiled* eggs. Human nature continues unchanged.

The Chinese maxim, "Love your friends, and be just to your enemies!" remains. The Christian idea, noble and high although it is, doesn't replace the truth that it isn't in human nature to love our enemies! It is impossible! Not human! "*Love your* enemies!" — DO *it!* Don't *say* so!

A painter will often do a thing to build up a weak side, and to get an equilibrium. The critic should believe that he has a reason for what he does. Not that I want everybody to think as *I* do! Only those that want to. We don't want everybody to take "Hostetter's Bitters!"

The fact is, painting is not intended for rules; but to represent something which you see and feel! There's more of the science of a picture in that

Portrait of a Man.

sketch than in ninety-nine of the things that are called "finished." Can't do that by being an idiot. There's a cat's back that fire will come out of in a cold day; and there are a good many cats drawn that you couldn't get a spark out of!

Looking for color, and painting, are as different as fish and fishing.

Don't look too hard, except for something agreeable! We can find all the disagreeable things in the world between our own hats and boots.

Don't despise anything which you have honestly done from nature. There's a sketch, which, when I brought it home, seemed only a patch of bright green there, of violet there, and of orange here. But a year later, I chanced upon it, and found that it was an impression from nature; and that's what our sketches ought to be.

Paint what you see and what you feel, if it's nothing but a cat. You can't paint a scene that you saw years ago, and of which you have only a literal drawing. If you've forgotten the poetry and the mystery, you can't get it again.

It's the way you look at a thing that makes the picture! It isn't paint, or the way in which paint is put on!

Painting is only an adjunct. A drawing is often better than a painting, more apt to be kept inside of the frame. A truth which some critics never will find out.

You *can't help* doing *your own* way. You come here to be shown the way

of somebody else. Where's the person that ever did anything without knowing what others had done before him? Why can we talk? Because we are talking all the time.

Going to paint that in to-day? Well, then, crack ahead! *Do* it! Don't be afraid! The moment you're afraid, you might as well be in Hanover Street shopping!

Five years from to-day you'll say that you wish you had done what you were told to do! *Now* you all have your minds made up to what you're going to do. That's the bane of civilization. Do as I say; and, when I see that the thing don't work, I'll be the first to tell you. I tell you *to paint!* because *it's going to help you* to paint! and you don't do it!

I remember your sketch of a turtle crossing over a garden walk. The most original thing that ever came out of Cambridge.

Draw! Paint! Draw! Paint! Zig-zag's the word! See a donkey go up a steep hill, and notice *how* he gets there! A kite will go straight up! But— *not unless it's held.*

If you could only see that you can paint as well as you can draw! There have been people who painted beautiful pictures, who could not draw as well as you can.

Sir Joshua Reynolds says, "I am sure that there is only one way of painting — To begin the thing by putting it in with white and blue!" If you would only handle the brush as you handle the charcoal! Go recklessly to work! You are all careful and conscientious enough! There's conscientiousness enough in this

room to run fourteen water-wheels. If you were working for a man who expected you to paint four omnibuses to-day, six to-morrow, and eight day after to-morrow, you 'd get to working in earnest.

Do! Do! Do! Let it go, and do another! You can't finish a thing farther than you can go. The moment you put your hand upon the canvas that part of it is finished. You never learned so much as when you painted that figure in two colors, and when you under-painted that head for me, and knew that you had only one day in which to cover the entire canvas.

It is *at last* that you 'll finish! Corot does n't finish; and he 's over eighty years of age. If you all "finished," the book would be shut up.

What you do, you can do! If a person thinks by working sixteen years his work will be *better than he* is, he 's mistaken.

You can do a dozen sketches while you 're doing one. There are very few who can begin a picture and carry it out in the same vein. It requires peculiar skill and temperament.

If you wish to prepare a work for subsequent finish, prepare it carelessly, with regard to finish. Cut it up, hew it out; and, to-morrow, paint it.

You 'll always run a thing down the second day. Don't get the color on the face the first day! Don't do it just right at first! Try to get proportions and values, flat. No delicacy, no finish. Put it in a condition that will tempt you to finish. Have it say to you, "Do it!" Why pile it up so high that it will tumble down to-morrow! Leave the top stone off, and next day you can put it on, sharp and sure.

You all have ambition enough; earnestness enough. Strengthen something that you haven't got! *Get practice!*

Hand-work never did anything. If you have a feeling or an ambition to say something you 'll say it. But not to-day. You couldn't be born with a desire to do or say something, and not have a chance to do it.

The Lord never made two leaves alike, nor two people alike.

You can't be Correggio! Neither can you be a goose. In one sense it 's as hard to be an idiot as to be a Raphael. In the Conservatory, down-stairs, they don't expect to play the violin in three weeks. They know that it takes years, — unless you 're born in a fiddle.

Snub your ideal! It costs trouble; but it 's trouble that 's the artist's nature. If you try to draw an eye, only as somebody else did, you 'll never do it. Besides, when you *try* to do a thing you can't *do* it. You 're attemping two things at once — the *doing*, and the *trying*.

"Try!" The very word cramps you! (*Drawing the figure* 3, *on the floor.*) That 's *doing* it! As well as I can make a 3. *Now*, I 'll *try* to do it. Is it as well done as the first one? No; it shows attempt and hesitation.

In signing the Declaration of Independence, John Hancock did not *try* half so hard as Stephen Hopkins. It 's not quite fair, however, to mention the latter in this connection. I respect Stephen Hopkins; but I don't think he could have drawn an eye.

I must show you a drawing which Miss —— made, when she didn't know how good it was. Pupils must be kept somewhat in ignorance of their progress,

and always have a step ahead. Johnny thinks he can play the fiddle *now* — but — !

When you have the ideal, first develop your skill, and do what your ideal suggests. Velasquez painted, and painted, and painted; and nobody cared, until he was painter at Madrid. He might have gone there as court painter with less skill than he had; but with his long practice, he was ready for anything.

You have got to prepare yourselves for everything! If you only knew the trouble that is taken with horses that are to race, it would teach you a great deal. If a two-year-old-colt is to run he is not allowed to carry any weight. The more he develops one set of muscles the more he loses others. In the army the cavalry officers could not have walked; but they could ride five days in succession, forty or fifty miles, night and day. They could n't make horse-shoes, but they could save a whole *corps* of the army.

You need somebody to tell you at what point you require to be developed. Some one to say, "You must carry this farther!" I don't say it to keep you from following your own idea.

If you would get stone out of the quarry, keep cool, use gunpowder, and let the big Irishman help you. Then clear everybody out of the way, and do your fine work. What if you had "finished" it before the blasting?

You think that you know what you want to know. I know what you want to know better than you do. I want to get you disgusted with your own ideal.

Art is cumulative. It would be easier to follow certain things in a place where

you can follow them, and let the doubts come outside. Why does So-and-So go to Europe, and copy a Correggio? Would n't I give all my old boots to see Velasquez paint for one week, one day? But I would n't have said that when I was fifteen. I should have felt as you do. But suppose that I had been wise enough, had *kept my will for progress*, not for carrying out my own views; and could have been with Velasquez at sixteen years of age! I should have known how to paint. He could have told me in one week what he was ten years in learning. But every human being is n't so willing. I have never found anybody. Even Millet, whom I knew well, would only talk with me. He would n't *show* me two things.

I 've been painting thirty years. Under instruction, I could, in ten years, have learned all that I have learned — no, not all! but I could have followed any one in whom I had confidence. I went abroad to follow what I thought was the true method of painting; but I 've told you more this winter, yes, sometimes more in one week, than *I* was ever told in my whole life!

Not one person in five thousand can find out anything for himself. I 've seen boys come out of Couture's *atelier*, and go farther in three months than others would in three years. *They took the method at which he had arrived!* And mind that, *abroad they don't tell you!* They neither show you nor tell you. Couture would say, " That 's horrid! If you can't do better than that, you 'd better stop! "

But it 's always different with a man. *He has to be in earnest!* He has his living to get. If they 'd shown me in Harvard College how to do mathematics, I should have been a mathematician. But I 'm glad now that they did n't.

You can't get too much showing. As soon as you leave your class nobody is going to be interested to show you how to do anything. Your friends will criticise and turn up their noses, but they won't show you. And while I say this, let me add, it 's disagreeable to put yourself in the position of a dancing-master who says, "Be graceful! Imitate *me!*"

Look at that drawing done by one of the last year class! Materially I can't compete with that. Among my drawings you can't find one so simply done as that. In it I recognize everything which I ever told her. I 'd defy anybody to make such a drawing as that! It has all the needed elements except concentration. In it there 's material enough to do better things than I ever did. I can represent a subject more closely than that; but I can't do anything so unconsciously as that is done.

Six out of twelve who are studying do a better thing than they who teach. At the same time, teaching helps the teacher. I come in here and put into words the very thing that I 've been trying to do in my own room. I 'll be there, niggling and fooling; come in and see you doing the same thing; go back and correct myself through you. I do a thing four times as easy since I 've been teaching.

You 're learning a great deal, and doing very well; or I would n't remain in here to talk to you. To tell the truth, I am more in earnest that you should get a fact than that I should. What if I had given you the instruction that I had when I was sixteen? Had made you draw with a fine point such a thing as the Apollo Belvedere, which I venture to say, Phidias himself would n't have

done! Correction is easy. But when you get the principle all wrong it's anything but easy to set you right.

Look at the pictures you thought you liked two years ago! and you can now see what is good and what is bad about them. Can see right through them.

We stupidly suppose that what is called "finish," or outside work, gives value to a thing. It is too much like the mince-pie given to a boarding-school boy, at the *last* dinner of the term. It may deceive, but it don't mend matters.

The finish should be done in the same mood with the beginning. A highly finished imbecility is worth no more than an imbecility. Adapt your finish to the stuff that's underneath, and let it be of one piece; and don't try to make believe that you know more than you do! Don't smooth your mashed potato with a knife!

This much-admired finish is like the architecture that the countryman said was going to be put upon his house by a Boston man — *after it was built!*

Oh, think of a last week's mince-pie, with the added truthful date of to-day stamped upon its crust for a finish! This kind of thing may do in putting up mackerel and blackberries, but it won't answer in pictures!

If the truth isn't the fundamental part, there's no use in adding it as embroidery!

Tinkering isn't painting!

You make the figures 3, 4, 6, as well as you know how at first. How much better can you do if you niggle? What's the use of niggling in painting any

more than in talking? What if a child can't sound R at three years of age? Let him alone! He'll come out all right. Bore him to do it, and he'll be a pedant. If you know the shape of a person's nose you'll draw it. If you don't you can't do it.

You say that you "want to niggle" on that face. When you're convinced that a certain thing is needed, get it by niggling *if it will* help you to do it broadly. Dot it with the point of a pen if you can do it. But when I want to make a fine line I do it with the blunt end of a stick of charcoal. You are using a large brush, and suddenly you want to make a fine line. You change brushes; and, while doing so, lose sympathy with your subject.

Somebody asked Albert Dürer, "What did you use in drawing that beard, that you should get such lines?" "A large brush!" was the reply.

Some of you like to believe that there's another way quite as good as what I've shown you. *Don't make your exceptions until you know the rule!* You would n't have known the difference between this light and that dark, if I had n't shown you. You want to feel as if this were a part of the work that don't require any brains. *You must save your brains for the most important part.* I don't say that I know how to do this; but I think I can show you in two minutes that which will save you ten years of trying. Your case is that of every one who has been educated in the ideal before they've been educated in the manipulation. I think I can show you a short way of doing certain things (unimportant), which will leave you more time in which to perfect the work of the day, to carry out your individual notions. It took you three times as long

to paint that background as it ought to have taken. I would go in *not to shirk* work, but *to do it!*

I am sorry to say so much against *litterateurs*, but the truth is, they never had their eyes opened. They are blind! They don't know that we've got to sacrifice something to *ensemble*. They have nothing to do with the *practice* of painting. They find more art in the drawing of a landscape than in the drawing of a head, "because there are *more lines* in it!" Is it lines that make the landscape? Take an opera-glass and examine the landscape-painting and you may find that there is n't a line in it. They don't take into account that a tree is made with a certain amount of freedom.

The painter knows what is necessary in literature better than the *litterateur* knows what is needful in painting. Shakespeare could not paint with brushes as well as I can write a poem. A painter is necessarily a poet; but a poet is not a painter. Emerson can describe a forest in words better than I can; but I can make one in paint better than he. If he is a full man he will understand both; and if I am a full man I can understand his description as well as my own.

That's where Cambridge is short! Such knowledge counts for nothing. They forget the song that painting has sung, and listen only to Homer. A Greek professor who does n't know what Greek Art is, is n't a Greek scholar. I don't know just what Greek was a ruler during a certain period, but I have some literary science and *ensemble*. Ignorant as I am, I know more about Homer than a Greek professor can know about Phidias. He might tell me when he was born. Well, a rat was born about that time.

Flight of Night. Albany Fresco.

People go to Europe and bring home second-hand "old masters." Get them cheap, and there 's a great cry over them. But if one of those old painters were living in Boston to-day, not one of his works would they buy. Of their own accord they would n't pick up a Millet drawing, or a drawing by Michael Angelo. No, they go about whining, because we have "no Art in this country," and "we never shall paint like Titian!" (Since Titian died there have been, in certain directions, even greater painters than he.) Such people are logs across the track!

"Won't you give us an example of what you call Art in literature?"

Well, Everett's speech at Gettysburg is what passes for "elegant literature." But Lincoln's speech was *real* literature! And *real* literature, like *real anything, is Art!*

"But why do you find so much fault with *litterateurs?*"

Because they hinder more than they help me in my work! Their notion of criticism is *fault-finding!* They are self-constituted judges of an occupation of which they are not masters. They know from what they *read!* Not from what they *see!*

When their perceptions shall be keen enough to discover and encourage the first germ of *what has never been seen before, then only can they help us!*

I want the names of writers who have ever recognized the *young* Turner, Stothard, Millet, and Blake, *before they were forty!*

I would as soon listen to a *lecture* on *Art* as to *smell* of *music*, or to *eat the receipt of a plum pudding!*

This is the age of the tongue and the ear! We listen, with hollow gaping awe, to a description of the Parthenon; build our temples by contract; pay for them in greenbacks; and send to England for stamped Johnny-cake ornaments and friezes, and *pocket the difference!* We learn *a great deal* about *everything*, and *very little* about *anything!* Nothing is too thin for us! There is a market for more skim-milk than we can produce. The cream sours, and is given to the cat!

Keep up the practice of the eye and the hand! For it will be needed later!

Our literature helps Art as an Academy helps an orchard.

Spring hangs a rose on every tree, the graft and the thorn alike. Nature's pruners, wind, hail storm, and canker-worm, save half the fruit that nature cannot ripen.

Then comes the scholar, with stick and stone, flail, pillow-case, and front-tooth, absorbs and decides upon the rest. If there 's one seed of the whole year left to grow black enough to sprout, it is sheltered in some hidden "frozen thaw."

I 'm glad of it! It all helps! Nothing creates such thirst in us as the pursuit of knowledge. It has been so ever since the time of Adam. And there 's *some* juice in all fruit!

Nothing takes the taste of grammar out of a boy's mouth like a green apple! Every school should have its *orchard*, as every army its schooner-load of onions and lemons, to stave off mould and scurvy!

Yet, as I say, *it all helps!* But it don't help —— the —— *apple!*

Art belongs to this age just as the air belongs to it. "Classic!" Who would

have said, two thousand years ago, that Millet and Delacroix would be classic? Give me the fellow that can find some honey in the flower that grows! Talk about Hymettus! We have just as good material to make painters of as we have to make poets. The poets have had the libraries of the world to read, while the painters have had to expatriate themselves. Instead of taking down a dictionary they 've had to take a steamer and go to Europe.

These *litterateurs* would keep us back a century. They bully the public. A city goes to see a collection of paintings, and likes them. A swell comes in. "*This* is all wrong! But *here* is something that is good! *This* was done four hundred and fifty years before Christ!"

Somebody may come to Boston to-day and paint fine things; and there must be somebody to recognize that they are fine; come forward and encourage; and not get in the way and snub!

Instead of fault-finding and criticizing, the literary man should say, "What can I do to help you? I have fine pictures, (and money, perhaps). How can I assist you?" Does he or any such man say so? No; they think more highly of themselves than of art. They would n't have lent a hand in the time of Phidias any more than in the time of Ben Butler!

Don't hurry! — or you 'll never get through!

Decide what you 're going to do, and do it in three minutes! This dilly-dallying makes me think of a school-boy trying to bound Massachusetts. "It 's bounded by — by — by — (Another boy prompts — "Rocky mountains!") "Oh, yes! by the Rocky Mountains!"

Don't do any fiddling which keeps you from thinking. If you want variety change your aim, but don't use less powder! Change your aim, but not your force. Decide what you 're going to have! When you have decided, turn off the difference between face, coat, and background. The way you do is to think you won't put this in quite so dark, or it will look like a negro, etc. In a word, you get up a million reasons which have nothing to do with the thing but to retard progress. Have it dark at first. Let it be so; and when you go on it won't look too dark.

We worry ourselves too much about the doing of a thing because we 've arrived at a mental stopping place before we 've begun our work.

"But what if we know nothing?"

It would be a great deal better for you. We 'll reverse wheels. Would that suit you any better? Let me say the opposite, and you would find ground to oppose me. *Painting is the hardest thing in the world!* and I must arrange certain things on certain platforms so that you may know somewhat how to go on. It 's impossible to make a picture without "values." Values are the basis. If they are not, tell me what is the basis! Show me the pictures in the world that have not values for their first fact! They furnish the only way in which anything is visible — the only way in which a thing can be represented.

"But can't you get the same effect by interior modeling?"

You can get nothing flat. Albert Dürer, with an outline, knew how to make an outline look like a firm, full figure. He began with firmness, and fullness, and finished with delicacy. You can't make an eye by making an eyelash. However Albert Dürer began, his things have an *ensemble.* But he did n't get it in

a day. Hercules may have strangled a serpent when he was a baby, but there was a time when he could n't.

"Dürer worked in his own way?"

No, nor did anybody else at first. They all worked in the manner of some one else, in the way they were shown. Raphael after Perugino, Vandyke after Rubens. If Albert Dürer had lived in Venice he would have been a Venetian painter. As it was he worked as the old German artists had worked; and we cannot but feel that, when he came to see the Venetians, he wished that he could have seen them earlier and modified his work by their influence.

But talking is the least useful thing in painting. I have my ideas, but I hate to force them upon anybody. I am right, just as far as I know. The less that's said about it the better, and the more work will be done. Instead of trying to get what I do believe, you say, "but" and "if," and we might talk all day to no use.

For years, Millet painted beautiful things, and nobody looked at them. They fascinated me, and I would go to Barbison and spend all the money I could get in buying his pictures. I brought them to Boston, "What is that horrid thing?" "Oh, it's a sketch by a friend of mine." Now he is the greatest painter in Europe.

Keep the head all together! Don't try to finish one part! That's the fun of painting — to keep the whole thing. People who always offer an "if" or a "but" would say, "Ah! but what if you have a canvas fifty feet long?" I say, treat it as you would a small piece of paper. Run away the oftener from your

For, break through Art, and rise to poetry.
Bring Art to tremble nearer, touch enough
The verge of vastness to inform our soul
What orb makes transit through the dark above,
And there's the triumph! — there the incomplete,
More than completion, matches the immense. —
Then Michael Angelo against the world!
BROWNING.

work, and keep up an intense interest in it. That's the difficulty about portrait painting. To give the drapery character and fitness, and keep it subservient to the head. Your idiot says, "Just look at the painting of that velvet!" Aye, but where's the head and the figure? An ape can paint velvet, but he can't keep it where it belongs with reference to the head.

I remember that Homer speaks of the "broad-girdled nurse." I thought, as a boy, how well that described her. I didn't care whether her girdle was trimmed with beads, or not.

I often hear that I paint drapery "carelessly." But there are four or five different kinds of carelessness. I am striving hard to get what people call *careless*, but which I call *nature*. To me nature doesn't look prigged up. I could more easily paint neatness than this ease and grace which I try to represent in my so-called "carelessness."

Look at the boy! Don't look at his nostrils! That little hole is where the nostril *is n't!* You look so hard for a nostril that you've given him a nostril and a half. You seem to say, "What is it that the Lord didn't intend me to see? Oh, I have it! The nostril!" You make me think of the Irishman who said that "somebody had stolen his key-hole!" The hollow is there, and the surroundings pen it in. See! I make a hollow with my hand, and you try to draw it. Will you draw simply a hole, or will you draw a hand with a hollow through it?

Look at it, and decide what kind of a line it is; and then, without looking again, draw the line firmly. Sixteen little lines, guessed at, don't do it.

Only to mankind, — Art may tell a truth
Obliquely, as the thing shall breed the thought,
Nor wrong the thought, missing the mediate word.
So may you paint your picture, twice show truth,
Beyond mere imagery on the wall, —
So, note by note, bring music from your mind,
Deeper than ever the Andante dived, —
So write a book shall mean, beyond the facts,
Suffice the eye and save the soul beside. — BROWNING.

When you intend to paint a white man don't make his face as black as a negro's! Need n't be a Darwinian in painting! Get to your journey's end the first day if you can. If not, go on to-morrow!

Real finish must be of the same quality as real beginning!

The needle only points *towards* the North. It does not *go* there! If you undertake to *go* there you freeze to death.

I told you to paint the light on that cheek, with a single stroke of the brush. In your work I see two or three, as if you had niggled and patted in an undecided way.

"I put it on with one stroke, but it was a little too dark!"

No matter; take that for your key-note and go on! Your picture would simply have been a little lower in tone, but what of that? You spread your fingers over the keys of a piano and strike a chord. If too high or too low, you need not try again, but play on in that key. So in painting. Remembering that it is easier to transpose in painting than in music.

Yes, let it stay! Don't correct your little faults! Why, you correct this and that, and that, and first you know you have nothing but a dish of hash!

Sustain your form by making distinct outlines — of cobalt and light-red, which you can make dark or light, as you please. You can paint them out if you like; but put them in, if they all have to come out again.

We may *study* the works of the *classic* artists, but we cannot imitate them. We must, each of us, sing his own song. Like Henri Regnault, we may admire

The shrug, the disappointed eyes of him
Are not so bad to bear — but here 's the plague
That all this trouble comes of telling truth,
Which truth, by when it reaches him, looks false,
Seems to be just the thing it would supplant,
Nor recognizable by whom it left —
While falsehood would have done the work of truth.
But Art, — wherein man nowise speaks to man,

Michael Angelo, as first and greatest; and like him feel that we cannot tell our story in *his* way.

With a good eye for color goes an eye for the niceties of drawing.

Paint that little girl's face as you would a tea-rose.

There 's nothing like calling a *sketch* "done" before it *is* done!

You don't have to be literal to a line to make an impression. Moonlight pictures are apt to look as if you had dipped the thing in ink, and half washed it out. A sketch should look *one thing* instead of sixteen!

Art is about the only occupation in which people can do what they please without consulting their neighbors.

The passage from the eyebrow to the hair is beautiful. See how the hair of the brow turns towards the hair of the head, as if there were a mutual attraction! Then, look at the counter-curves which the lines of the hair make as they come upon the flesh! The forehead, or front, has its curtain of hair. So has the temple, and the cheek. It is so with every head in the room.

You may *know* all this, and represent it; but if you don't *feel* it, you 'll never succeed in painting it. This *feeling* is what makes the difference between a wooden thing and a beautiful, fascinating picture.

Your flowers are well done. Really amusing! So much like nature. But I wish you would dispense with these black backgrounds! You like them because they disengage so easily, but you lose a chance for gradations which would make your flowers not only decorative, but a picture besides. These black grounds

That Art remains the one way possible
Of speaking truth, to mouths like mine, at least.
How look a brother in the face and say,
"Thy sight is wrong, eyes hast thou yet art blind,
Thine ears are stuffed and stopped, despite their length,
And, oh, the foolishness thou countest faith!"
Say this as silverly as tongue can troll —
The anger of the man may be endured,

tempt you because everything looks well on them. Just as any color looks well on a negro woman, while one with a peachy complexion finds that there are colors which don't improve her looks.

So they say that the portrait of Mr. —— is not like him! I'd like to know how much a portrait by Titian would look like nature! We need some such portraits here to show people how near the greatest artists have come to representing the *exactness* of life!

Don't fool with transparent colors! Not at first, certainly! Stop using bitumen to begin with! If you want it, use it later; but don't begin with it! I've used too much transparent color. Always do, always did, and always hope I shan't. Real "transparency" is the quiet relief of an eye in shadow, against a forehead and cheek in light.

The Bible is full of practical sayings. Only the workers can fully understand it. To the rest of the world it is all a kind of sentiment; but to the worker it is earnest and practical. Look at what it says about *fasting!* Don't the worker know that it is all true? You can't work after a heavy dinner of pork!

Some people say that "The Age of Painting is past! The Age of Sculpture is past!" etc., as if painting and sculpture might not belong to all time. We shall not see another era of Greek Sculpture. Probably not an era of painting just like what has been. But *there are possibilities in the future!*

What is called the Age of Painting was a great wave which came and disappeared. But there may be others almost as great, although different.

So British Public, who may like me yet,
(Marry and amen!) learn one lesson hence
Of many which whatever lives should teach:
This lesson, that our human speech is naught,
Our human testimony false, our fame
And human estimation words and wind.
Why take the artistic way to prove so much?
Because, it is the glory and good of Art,

The truth is, there are so many people looking back into the past that they would not see great things that might happen to-day. If Homer were to come here and sing, they would say, "Hold on! You're in our way! *We're looking back into the Past!*"

Literature never began to comprehend what painting is. Literature is ahead! Music is coming up. Painting will come along afterwards. We're babies yet; but we still live. We're not stuffed; and we're crawling along.

The general principles of music and of sculpture are easier to talk about than the general principles of painting. Look at what a critic says of some noodles! "At any rate they have this in common with the old masters — persistent labor!" *So has a jackass!*

To-day, people take it for granted that they *know painting;* but they have so much sympathy with music that they are really afraid that they don't know much about that. Having learned Yankee Doodle they push on for something ahead of it! Well, it's a beautiful ambition — to want to know the best!

(*Models — Mother and Child.*) Nothing could be more beautiful! Yet we come in and say, "That profile isn't elegant," etc. We shut our eyes to what *is* there, while we complain of what *is n't!*

No neck, no waist, but great breadth! That shows the baby. Reduce this to simple elements; then put in just enough to show what these things are. Look to see what is beautiful there, and you can put up with a good deal of bawling!

From the Albany Frescos

Anglus can never see perfection
But in the journeyman's labor. — BLAKE.

The difference between a bad artist and a good is, that the bad artist *seems* to copy a great deal, the good one *does* copy a great deal. — BLAKE.

Servile copying is the great merit of copying. — BLAKE.

Why make fifty thousand chances at that figure when you can do it all in one? The line of that sofa is straight and horizontal. Take the trouble to hold up your brush horizontally, and compare it with the lines of what you want to draw. You can't make me believe that the sofa has been wabbling around all the morning, just to suit your perspective!

Remember that you are not painting pictures! You are *learning* to paint.

You are eternally fussing about little things. Try, for once, not to be afraid of plenty of color, and of good large brushes. Go and buy some paints. Get some dark and some light paints. Put them on your palette. Go to work largely, and you'll paint first rate.

You ought to get impressions of nature whenever you walk or drive. Get half a dozen, and come in and paint them, all in one day.

(*Millet's "Sheep Shearer."*) — See the firmness of neck and shoulder! and how you feel the flatness of the back, and the roundness of the arm! Why don't people see these things? Because they begin by criticising, instead of absorbing! They say, "What's that hard outline?" Millet had painted fifty years, and yet he dug on that picture ten days after I thought it was done. It's a wonder! There are no pictures finer! As fine things in that as in Michael Angelo! Don't you feel the whole thing? That's "*painting!*"

One hundred years from now, Turner will be counted among the greatest men who have ever lived! His color is wonderful! He could carry the scale higher and farther than any one else. Could get dark without using black,

sionate desire and hope of the multitude of the day. It is not to be done. A living comment quietly given to a class on the book they are earnestly reading — this kind of lecture is eternally necessary and wholesome; your modern fire-working, smooth-downy-curry-and-strawberry-ice-and-milk-punch-altogether lecture is an entirely pestilent and abominable vanity: and the miserable death of poor Dickens, when he might have been writing books till he was eighty but for the pestiferous demand of the mob, is a very solemn warning to us all, if we would take it. God willing, I will go on writing, and as well as I can. There are three volumes published of my Oxford lectures, in which every sentence is set down as carefully as may be. If people want to learn from me let them read them or my monthly letter, Fors Clovigera. If they don't care for these I don't care to talk to them. Truly yours,

J. Ruskin.

or brown even. His color is iridescent. The Venetians could get such color only by painting transparently. But Turner is solid, clear, throughout.

I believe that the best paintings of landscape are made from memory. Of course you must study nature carefully for certain details, but for the *picture*, paint it in-doors, from memory. I never saw Millet out with an umbrella. When before nature you are so much occupied with representing what you see, that you can't study combination and composition. You can't make a *picture!*

You make careful and excellent outlines already, so you had better draw objects for light and shade. This will help *you* more than drawing simple form. With leather, bread, and charcoal, you can make a picture, without a line in it. That 's the peculiar pill that you need to take. Try to see *with how little* you can make a picture! You 'll put the *muchness* in, because you are very careful of outline.

Rub your paper all over black. Have *one* light, and a general gray tint, with the dark dark enough.

See what makes the *picture!* not what makes the *thing!* It 's the impression of the thing that you want to get. See how near you can realize the *impression* of certain things! The effect of a drawing done in a finical way is to make the observer rub his nose against it, and say, "Oh, there 's a light in a fly's eye!" You want to make people receive the same impression that you have received from nature. Then you can make things beautiful and exact, so long as they don't interfere with the impression. Do things from memory, because in that

him to lecture at the Athenæum during the winter season. Mr. Ruskin has, in reply, written the following characteristic letter: —

ROME, *May* 26, 1874.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have your obliging letter, but am compelled, by increase of work, to cease lecturing, except at Oxford — and practically there also — for, indeed, I find the desire of audiences to be audiences only becoming an entirely pestilent character of the age. Everybody wants to hear — nobody to read — nobody to think. To be excited for an hour — and, if possible, amused; to get the knowledge it has cost a man half his life to gather, first sweetened up to make it palatable, and then kneaded into the smallest possible pills — and to swallow it homœopathically and be wise — this is the pas-

way you remember only the *picture.* No matter what you do, but make the thing look like a picture.

We are all cursed by the nonsense of our early teachers. I took lessons, like the rest of you, with a pointed lead pencil and a measure; and to-day I feel the restraint which that way of beginning imposed upon me — so strong is the impression made by early lessons. We have all been taught by people who never did anything, never loved anything in the way of art. How can such people teach?

Do *fascinating* things! Not smart ones! Nobody ever tucks a *smart* sketch under his arm and runs home with it. Paint your own impressions. Tom and Dick won't like the result; but, by and by, along comes Harry, who says, "By Jove! I 've seen that very thing in nature!"

Do as I *say!* Not as I *do!* I come in here and tell you these things not only to help *you*, but to strengthen *myself* for my *own* work.

"How shall I finish my owl?" You 've got his *eye.* Now you'd better put his *body* around it?"

Why make that drawing look like cobweb, trimmed with feathers?

"I want it to look *soft!*"

Softness is n't the only beauty! A good deal of *soap* is soft. Bad fruit is *too soft!* Remember, that a child's cheek, if it is soft, is also *firm!*

Drawing should be considered not an accomplishment, but a necessity. Any one who can make the letter D can learn to draw. Learning to draw is learning

The eye sees more than the heart knows! — BLAKE.

No one who has not devoted his life and soul to the pursuit of art, can feel the same exultation in its brightest ornaments and loftiest triumphs that an artist does. Where the treasure is, there the heart is also. — HAZLITT.

Enthusiasm is the all in all! — BLAKE.

RUSKIN ON PUBLIC LECTURES. — Mr. Chapman, convener of the Glasgow Athenæum Lecture Committee, wrote to Mr. Ruskin, recently, asking

the grammar of a language. Anybody can learn the grammar, but whether you have *anything to say*, that is another thing.

There is scarcely a child whose first impulse is not to scribble on the wall or any fresh piece of paper. It is almost the first thing that he wishes to do, and there is hardly a parent who does not cuff him for it.

The child's scribbling on the margin of his school-books is really worth more to him than all he gets out of them. To him the margin is the best part of all books, and he finds in it the soothing influence of a clear sky in a landscape.

If any one doubts what a *flat tint* will do, let him see the shadow of a rabbit on the wall, which he can make with his own hands.

You soften the fibre of your memory by fastening yourself too closely to your work and your model. You *could* come here and look at that figure, and go away and draw it, if you had accustomed yourself to work in that way. Some niceties of nature you must correct and refine from life; but you can get values, proportion, etc., by observation and memory.

Some of the most vivid renderings of nature have been done after nature had passed. How else can you paint a thunder-shower, a sunset, a flying-cloud, a galloping horse? You don't trust yourself enough. You are too timid. If you were to have that head only four minutes you would put in something that would be like it; but, if you are to have it all day, you twist it all out of shape. Corot says, when he was in Rome he tried to draw groups; but they would move be-

Industry alone can only produce mediocrity; but mediocrity in art is not worth the trouble of industry. Genius, great natural powers, will give industry and ardor in the pursuit of their proper object, but not if you divert them from that object into the trammels of common-place mechanical labor. By this method you neutralize all distinction of character — make a pedant of the block-head, and a drudge of the man of genius.

HAZLITT.

We are led to believe a lie
When we see with, not through the eye. — BLAKE.

fore he got one nose drawn. So he decided what the general form would be and how one figure corresponded with another.

Pictures are never *simple* enough! An intelligent old friend of mine tells me, with a wink of his eye, that he is "looking for a picture with *nothing in it!*" He says that Allston's painting of "Elijah and the Raven" has n't much in it; but *he* is looking for something with less! We all put in *too much!* but, *not enough.*

Don't keep so near your work! It looks very well to you as you sit there, but to me, coming into the room, I see a want of gradation in your background, and a lack of strength in your shadows. Your work is earnest, but you must make three persons of yourself. One to go on, one to be careful, one to criticise. When you go away from your work you become your own critic.

As soon as we get so that we can handle our own work in that way, we become giants!

We want the Best. But we never fearlessly criticise each other! There is always some sensitiveness.

Your work is earnest, and *you* may be a little careless for awhile. Get the geography of your masses at first. Put in a flat, broad, distinct shadow for the darks. In your endeavor to get the mystery of that shadow you fail to give its form and strength. You don't have to draw an object if you draw the shape of the shadows. Don't be afraid of spoiling your drawing! You draw to learn!

Your boy is a pathetic little chap! An outsider would not see what my ex-

perience shows me — that, in your timid, delicate drawing, only half expressed, there is appreciation of the character of the little fellow. I like that timidity and delicacy. It will serve you later. *Now* you must look for *strength!* Intensify your shades! Don't let the sentiment so captivate you that you lose the geography! In your aspiration you shut your eyes to the rocks on which you may founder. Throw out your plummet and see where you are!

Yours is too round!

"I thought it looked round!"

Yes, roundness is a *fact.* His cap is round; shoulders round; he stoops, and his back is *round!* Therefore, seek for an opposite, and find all the *straight lines and sharp angles!* In that way you vitalize your work!

Look for the round! but *look for the square contained in that round!* Chop it out with an axe; and sand-paper it afterwards!

I want to see you work as hard to *draw* as I do to *find fault*, and you'll do tip-top things!

The critics make holes in us, as the Brazilian bores holes into his silver porcupine, and sells it to be decorated with tooth-picks.

Nature, with *her* quill, protects even a *goose!*

An artist wants neither flattery nor ignorant abuse. There's no excuse for a criticism being worse than the work criticized! With all that's said about "carelessness," we ask the critic to put as much care and thoughtfulness into *his* work as the painter puts into *his!*

Art is inspiration. — Blake.

The refinements not only of execution, but of truth and nature are inaccessible to unpracticed eyes. The exquisite gradations in a sky of Claude's are not perceived by such persons, and consequently the harmony cannot be felt. When there is no conscious apprehension there can be no conscious pleasure. Wonder at the first sight of works of art may be the effect of ignorance and novelty; but real admiration and permanent delight in them are the growth of taste and knowledge.

On which I conclude, that the early painters,
To cries of "Greek Art and what more wish you?"
Replied, "Become now self-acquainters,
And paint man, man, whatever the issue!
Make the hopes shine through the flesh they fray,
New fears aggrandize the rags and tatters.
So bring the invisible full into play,
Let the visible go to the dogs — what matters?" — BROWNING.

How often a little coating of quicksilver on the spectacles interferes with our perceptions of others' works!

Art at any rate, means something accomplished! In almost everything else there is too much "talky, talky!" But here I am, doing just what I decry!

There is a great deal of talk about "conscientious work" in painting. As well talk to the bird about conscientiousness in his singing! Conscientiousness and justice are stations which have been reached and passed before any fine work appears! They are almost material limits compared with the overflow that Art is! They serve the purpose of the trader, but not of the artist, who cannot *stop* to do conscientious work. He *begins* far ahead of that! If painters stopped at conscientiousness they would cheat the world out of half they have done. Imagine Paganini playing "conscientiously"!

Drawing that ginger-jar? Well, how do you get on?
"I can't get it round enough."
Not round enough? You've made it *too round!* You have tried so hard for the quality of roundness that you have sacrificed everything else. You have forgotten to keep the brilliancy, the color, and the appearance of porcelain. You should have tried to make it look sonorous, hard. Not like a plum-pudding, or any other kind of a pudding.

Take the *whole* thing, and look for its character! You say it is round; but is it round like a billiard-ball? No, it has *flat* planes. Look at the flat, angular shape of its "high light!" See how its shadows are great flat planes! If you

First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And so they are better, painted — better to us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that —
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out. — BROWNING.

Imagination has nothing to do with memory. — BLAKE.

go on working thoughtlessly, without thinking seriously how that jar really appears, you 'll make it rounder and rounder every day.

Things declare themselves *flat*. Bad drawings look like grapes. Every little round represented. *Do the character first!* You 'll get it in the first four lines, if you get it at all. The character! the *character!* the CHARACTER! That 's the beauty! the *beauty!* the BEAUTY!

Keep this in mind! that it is the definite, individual character of an object which makes beauty. The effect of light is what makes things beautiful. Light never stops to find beauty! Half of the beautiful pictures in the world are painted from people who are not beautiful.

Take a figure on a tea-pot. If you were to see the woman from whom it is painted, you would say, "Oh, is n't she *horrid!* I never saw such a fright!" But the artist saw something that he liked in this "fright," and painted what he saw, and, looking at the tea-pot, you say, "Oh, what a lovely figure! Where *did* the artist find such a beautiful creature?"

The truth is, that *The painter does not deny what the Lord has made!*

Think of those hideous dwarfs that Velasquez painted! You would turn away from them if you were to meet them. But he *gave the character!* Therefore, his pictures are beautiful.

In Art you can't do as you do in nature. You are trying to represent, with *charcoal*, a *porcelain* jar. You must *represent!* not *imitate!* Not easy to do this! Look to see where your light comes! Look to see where your shadow comes! Cut it up into planes! Look to *extend* your lights; not to diminish them! Look sharp for concaves! Not too much for convex lines.

Degrade first the Arts if you would
Mankind degrade. — BLAKE.

God's works — paint any one, and count it crime
To let a truth slip. Don't object, "His works
Are here already — nature is complete:
Suppose you reproduce her — (which you can't)
There 's no advantage! you must beat her, then."
For, don't you mark, we 're made so that we love

You sit too near your work. You see only the *handi-work*. If you were to look at it from a distance you would see the *quality*.

Look for *effect!* not *handi-work!* You can't do that jar as it *is!* Do it as it *seems!* Make your drawing "carry" across the room! Make it so strong that when you enter the door you cannot, at first, tell which is the drawing and which is the jar.

If a man is going to do anything, the sooner he begins to believe that he knows nothing, the better. Talk with business men about business, and see what they 'll think of you!

It don't improve a kettle to make it blacker than it is. Everybody has an idea that a kettle is black, but perhaps it is n't half so black as we think it is.

Things made to look exactly "like" would be so hideous that you could n't sit in the room with them.

Spread the *light* on broadly as sunshine! but handle the passage from light into shadow as delicately as you would strew flowers upon a child's grave.

"Why did n't you like Cambridge?"

Because I love Art!

Cambridge was like Kaulbach's pictures. It was all literature! There was nothing there to stimulate or develop the perceptions, and everything to suppress instinct and enthusiasm. One learned neither to see or to feel. Everything was a *task*, a parrot's training.

I don't care to know what somebody says *has* been done! I want to *see what*

Takes in (with verse) time, place, and person too,
So, links each sense on to its sister-sense,
Grace-like: and what if but one sense of three
Front you at once? The sidelong pair conceive
Thro' faintest touch of finest finger-tips, —
Hear, see and feel, in faith's simplicity,
Alike, what one was sole recipient of:
Who hears the poem, therefore, sees the play. — BROWNING.

has been done, and I want to *see something done!* I want *to do!* I want to *learn to do!*

I don't want to write a theme on subjects of which I know nothing, in order to practice my ignorance! I don't want my intelligence to be gauged by *marks*, or my rank to depend upon another's failure.

I don't care to learn to do exactly as everybody else does. One absorbs common-place enough without being instructed.

I like Joy in my studies! and I don't like *literary indigestions!*

But that was thirty years ago; and I suppose it is all different now!

I was sketching the other day near a foundry, and one person after another stopped and commented. Some passed on, considerately leaving me to attend to my work, without asking questions. An Irishman queried, "What are you doing that for?"

"I paint to learn!" was my reply.

"Strange way to *learn* anything! I'd rather *pound iron!*" And he was right.

Of course the critic came along; one of those people that know everything.

"You have n't got chimneys enough on that house. You 've got only three, and there are four!"

I could but reply, "The only way is to *do it yourself!*"

"Have you been in California? They say that we should see the wonders of the Yo-Semite Valley, if we wish to look at scenery!"

The extraordinary does not come within the province of Art. You can't rep-

From Albany Frescos.

Pressing them all into its service ; so
That who sees painting, seems to hear as well
The speech that 's proper for the painted mouth ;
And who hears music, feels his solitude
Peopled at once — for how count heart-beats plain
Unless a company, with hearts which beat,
Come close to the musician, seen or no ?
And who receives true verse at eye or ear,

resent the height of the Alps or the Sierras. We must keep ourselves within the limits of possibility!

As soon as travelling becomes easy, people spend their time in reading the Boston *Herald.*

Don't make your drawings *easy to understand!* No matter if people don't understand them. Leave something for the imagination to supply.

Should one speck of Art appear here it would be made into mince-meat in a trice by those whose power of destroying is superior to their power of creating. Some of our critics are like unskillful gardeners weeding carrot-beds. They seem to pull up all the *carrots.*

We laugh to think that Newton's *dog* did not see the apple fall! We forget that few of us are Newtons; and, that had *we* been of the party, we should have had to share honors with *Bow-wow!*

Painters can't create circumstances and do the work at the same time, any more than you can push a boat by blowing the bellows, or a soldier make a cause and fight a battle, and pay himself his stipend all at once.

Velasquez never laid up any money for himself.

" How can I improve this eye? "

Move it from the cheek-bone, to its socket in the skull!

The most expressive phrases of this year's coinage: CHROMO CIVILIZATION, and GREEDY BARBARISM!

The verge of vastness to inform our soul
What orb makes transit through the dark above,
And there 's the triumph! — there the incomplete,
More than completion, matches the immense, —
Then Michel Angelo against the world!
Well, is the explanation difficult?
What 's poetry except a power that makes?
And, speaking to one sense, inspires the rest,

Painting is looked at as an accomplishment! But it is the *only universal language!*

All nature is creation's picture-book! Painting only can *describe* everything which can be seen, and suggest every emotion which can be felt!

Art reaches back into the babyhood of time, and is man's only lasting monument!

Speaking of Greek Art, Lessing says, "Beautiful statues, fashioned from beautiful beings, reacted upon their creators; and the state was indebted, for its beautiful men, to beautiful statues. With us the susceptible imagination of the mother seems to express itself only in monsters."

There was a law against caricature among the Thebans, commanding the artist to make his pictures more beautiful than the originals; and condemning the unworthy artifice of obtaining a likeness by exaggerating the deformities of the model.

"Nothing is easier than to express extremes.'

Read Taine! Read Blake! Read William Hazlitt! Read Browning!

Our idea of "finish" is that everything should be *smooth!* Our arms should be carved upon pumice-stone; field — sand-paper; and crest — a *file rampant!*

A bird is finished when he can fly!

Ruskin calls finish "an added truth." I wish him joy and a long life! He confounds it with death and the judgment-day!

Tries the low thing and leaves it done at least;
No prejudice to high thing, intellect
Would do and will do, only give the means.
Miranda in my picture-gallery,
Presents a Blake; be Clara-Meissonier!
Merely considered so by artist, mind!
For, break through Art, and rise to poetry.
Bring Art to tremble nearer, touch enough

Finish is *leaving off anywhere on the outside, after having filled the interior!* Stopping before you or others are tired out! Before you are a corpse, or before you have killed your work! I mean that this is the receipt for us poor weak ones. Michael Angelo, and the diamond, seem *finished* without difficulty, because the *substance is finished!*

Stop with some breath in your body! Even with your work *ahead of you!* Not as though you had hauled it along to die of starvation on the mile-stone *beyond the last!*

Most work is *deliberately murdered*, in the hope that it may never speak of its author's *incapacity*.

Don't try to put much of Michael Angelo's finish on your work! Don't try to put a *hard polish* upon soft stuff! Swap jack-knives! But don't lose time in adding a "truth" that won't stay there!

Most so-called "highly finished" work is *hide-bound*, and has that look of goneness, that unmistakably empty look which a house presents when the family have moved into the country. Rotten-stone on the door-knob fails to deceive.

You have finished *the skin* only! Please don't *begin* where Nature *leaves off!* To put the yolk in after the shell is finished, is never a neat job!

You can't *add* or subtract a "truth." A truth is complete, and to be let alone. Adding a truth is like polishing a soap-bubble. You can't amalgamate truths. All the truths in the world won't finish an argument or a picture.

Trying to add "truths" has nearly ruined English Art!

Clara, I hold thee happier specimen, —
It may be, through that artist preference
For work complete, inferiorly proposed,
To incompletion, though it aim aright.
Morally, no! Aspire, break bounds! I say,
Endeavor to be good, and better still,
And best! Success is nought, endeavor 's all.
But intellect adjusts the means to ends,

When English Artists paint their *impressions*, their Art has weight! When they accumulate *facts*, their pictures are like dictionaries!

John Ruskin's receipts make a book, but never made a painter, and never can make a *picture.*

Scientific scrutiny may take things to pieces, but it can't put them together again.

It dissolves diamonds, and obtains —— gas!

It takes a painter to make a painter! It takes a painter to make a picture! It takes a painter to appreciate a picture!

Very few poets get their inspiration from nature. The majority of them have read other poets, and they use the same ideas, clothed in different language. The painter has to go directly to nature, or he is a mere copyist. He cannot paint his picture like somebody else. He must tell his own story, if he has any to tell. Please to look out of the window! You 'll get something different from what you get out of books, for it never has been seen before!

Beauty is that little something which fills the whole world, and is neither contained in a straight nose, a long eyelash, or a blue mountain. Some see it in a leg of mutton; others in a compound fracture; and to expect others to accept one's own definition of it is as absurd as to expect all humanity to use the same toilet-brush.

Don't poke the fire until you have some coal ready to put on! It 's too much like criticism. It kills instead of helping.

Much they reck of your praise and you!
But the wronged great souls — can they be quit
Of a world where all their work is to do,
Where you style them, you of the little wit,
Old Master this and Early the other,
Not dreaming that Old and New are fellows,
That a younger succeeds to an elder brother,
Da Vincis derive in good time from Dellos. — BROWNING.

If we only would dare to say what we believe! — what we like! We pick a little flower in the field, and look at it by ourselves, certain that no one sees us. At last somebody comes along: "Hulloa! then *you* like a potato-blossom! So do I! But I never dared to say so."

If you don't have fun in your studies you 'll get nothing but pedantry for a result.

Try not to see as much as you see!

The height which the balloon and the pedant reach, depends on how much lighter their filling is than the air which sustains life.

If you want stuffing go to a pedant; but for development, listen to a bird! One of all joy makes a solitude. The other of solitude makes a song.

Art teaches you the philosophy of life, and if you can't learn it from art, you can't learn it at all. It shows you that there is no *perfection*. There is light, and there is also shadow. Everything is in half-tint.

A man is nothing, except in his relation to others of the human race. We are all too selfish, not ready enough to give. And yet, *giving is receiving*.

Artists are supposed to pass their lives in earnest endeavor to express through the medium of paint or pencil, thoughts, feelings, or impressions which they cannot help expressing, and which cannot possibly be expressed by any other means. They make use of material means in order to arrive at this end. They tell their story — the story of a day, an impression of a character, a recol-

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For oh, this world and the wrong it does!
They are safe in heaven with their backs to it,
The Michaels and Rafaels, you hum and buzz
Round the works of, you of the little wit;
Do their eyes contract to the earth's old scope,
Now that they see God face to face
And have all attained to be poets, I hope?
'T is their holiday now, in any case.

lection of a moment, or whatever, more or less clearly or well, as they are more or less capable of doing. They expose their work to the public, not for the sake of praise, but with a feeling and a hope that some human being may see in it the feeling that has passed through their own mind in their poor and necessarily crippled statement. The endeavor is honest and earnest, if almost always with a result weakened by over conscientiousness or endeavor to be understood.

Then the material in which they work is of a nature so impossible! Imagine! You have never tried it? — this undertaking to render sunlight, life, air, flowers, with the same tarry, unguent substance which you employ to keep wood from water-soak, or which you avoid for fear of having your clothes soiled! For the sign, "*Look out for* PAINT!" is hung up with the same universal conscience and has almost as much power as the sign "Small-pox here!"

Imagine modelling and rendering youth and beauty in the same substance which you avoid as soiling your boots; or, chiselling and reproducing the smile of an infant from the same ungrateful substance which you use as an ever enduring slab on which to record the fact — to future generations, that under this stone a human being lies buried! Is it not rather a wonder that the painter or sculptor has ever succeeded in doing anything!

Your work is exhibited. Not with the intention of injuring any of the human race. It is a dumb, noiseless, silent story, told, as best it may be, by the author to those whom it may concern.

And it does tell its story. Not to *everybody*. But to *somebody*.

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